

# COMIC

## KATEE DARLING.

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Oh, they tell me you are fast asleep, my darling,  
That thy jolly red nose I cannot now behold,  
Don't believe that I am tight Katee Darling,  
Because I am singing here to you all in the cold.  
Oh, you know not the loving  
Of the hearts of Erin's sons,  
When a good hot whiskey toddy, Katee Darling,  
Is the goal to the race that he runs.  
Oh, wake up, sweet Katee,  
For the gas lights are burning, Katee Darling,  
The little birds are singing on each tree,  
Will you never leave off snoring, Katee Darling,  
Or know that I am crying here for thee?

I am standing by thy window, Katee Darling,  
This night is a cold night for me,  
Oh, don't you hear me yelling, Katee Darling,  
Behold I am singing here for thee.  
Methinks I see a policeman,  
By yonder shining light,  
And he'll put me in the lock-up, Katee Darling,  
If he catches me here serenading to-night.  
Then listen, dear Katee,  
For the wild flowers are sleeping, Katee Darling,  
And the police are looking round for me,  
Will you never more hoist your window, Katee Darling,  
For see, I am waiting for thee?

'Tis useless all my weeping, Katee Darling,  
But I wish to goodness now you were my bride,  
And I'd give two shillings directly, Katee Darling,  
If I were only seated by your side.  
Oh, a great big coat big coat I'm wearing,  
And I scarce can heave a sigh,  
But I'll never leave off drinking, Katee Darling,  
Every day that I can get it till I die.  
Then hear me, sweet Katee,  
The policeman now has got me, Katee Darling,  
And no one knows when I'll again be free.  
In the lonely Tombs come and greet me, Katee Darling,  
For there I'll be waiting for thee!